Makes ſpeed to catch the Tygre. Bootleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valor flyes.
Demet. I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not beleeue,
But I ſhall do thee miſchiefe in the wood.
Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You do me miſchiefe. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandall on my ſex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dye vpon the hand I loue ſo well. *Exit.*
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou ſhalt flye him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee giue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxſlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouercanoped with luſhious woodbine,
With ſweete muske roſes, and with Eglantine;
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Luld in theſe flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the ſnake throwes her enammeld skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this, Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeeke through this groue;
A ſweete *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a diſdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it vvith ſome care, that he may prooue

More fond on her, then ſhe vpon her loue;
And looke thou meete me ere the firſt Cocke crow.
Pu. Feare not my Lord, your ſeruant ſhall do ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundeli, and a Fairy ſong;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the muske roſe buds,
Some warre with Reremiſe, for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall Elues coates, and ſome keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our queint ſpirits: Sing me now aſleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies ſing.

You ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not ſeene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong
Come not neere our Fairy queene.
Philomele with melody,
Sing in our ſweett Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor ſpell, nor charme,
Come our louely Lady nye.
So good night with Lullaby.
1. *Fairy. Weauing Spiders come not heere,*
Hence you long legd Spinders, hence:
Beetles blacke approch not neere;
Worme nor Snayle do no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.
2. *Fai. Hence away, now all is well;*
One aloofe, ſtand Centinell.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy thy true loue take:
Loue and languiſh for his ſake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,